

Evening Public Ledger THE EVENING TELEGRAPH PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY... EDITORIAL BOARD: CHAS. H. K. CURTIS, Chairman... PUBLISHED DAILY AT PULASKI LANE BUILDING...

FORCE TO THE UTMOST

The Man-Power of the Nation Is Now at the Disposal of the President for Winning the War

THE first thing to be noted in connection with the passage of the man-power bill is the enthusiastic willingness, when it came to a final showdown, of both Houses of Congress to place at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States virtually the whole man-power of the nation.

Congress was ready to pass such a bill weeks ago, but the Secretary of War said it was not necessary. He urged postponement. And Congress took a recess on the strength of the assurances from Secretary Baker. But within two or three weeks the War Department changed its mind and asked that the recess be abandoned in order that a bill might be passed as quickly as possible empowering the President to draft all eligible males between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, inclusive.

This Congress has now done. There were only two negative votes in the House and only one negative vote in the Senate on the bill in its regular form, and the Senator who was opposed, as soon as he discovered that he was alone, asked that he be allowed to withdraw his vote and be recorded as not voting. The differences between the House and the Senate bills were quickly adjusted, and the bill went to the President with all the essential provisions in it and with some troublesome provisions, inserted by the Senate, eliminated, especially the anti-strike amendment, which this newspaper opposed from its inception as unnecessary and pernicious.

The significance of all this ought not to be lost on the executive heads in Washington. The Congress, representing the people of the nation, is more ready than the War Department to use force to the utmost to win the war. And the nation stands behind the Congress.

The bill, as it was passed, opens the reservoir of military power, to be drawn upon to whatever extent may be necessary. It puts complete discretion in the hands of the President as to the number of men to be called, as to the order in which he shall call the men of different ages and as to the assignment of them to the army or to the navy. Under the power thus conferred the President may take from his office a man managing a large business and put him in the army as a private. He may take a professional man—a lawyer or a doctor—and set him to driving a team of mules in the commissary department, or he may take the president of a college or the principal of a high school and make him a headquarters clerk.

But such men need fear no such action on the part of Mr. Wilson. The power that he has had to be inclusive. It will be exercised with discretion and judgment in such a way as to utilize to the best advantage all the fighting ability and technical skill that we have in order to make the most efficient fighting machine of which we are capable. And if men are engaged in occupations necessary to the conduct of the war, whether it be agriculture, or other form of industry or occupation, they may be exempted entirely from the draft or they may be drafted for limited military service.

The industries of the country are properly safeguarded. The responsibility rests on the President, who is the commander-in-chief of all the national forces, and who must take into consideration all the problems, industrial as well as military, connected with the raising of an army and its maintenance in the field. The Constitution contemplated the exercise of such powers by the President, and the Congress has merely followed the letter and the logic of that document in prescribing the way in which the army shall be raised.

If we need an army of 5,000,000 men it can now be raised without further legislation, and if we need an army of 10,000,000 men there are eligible enough between the ages of eighteen and forty-five to fill its ranks. The spirit with which our men are fighting in France already has encouraged our allies. They will be heartened still more when they learn the extent to which we have committed our man-power to the great task laid upon it.

The selection of a pro-Ally Premier in Holland suggests that that little country is fully alive to the significance of Haig and Foch's war communiques. The Spanish steamship *Cruza* has been sunk and Madrid is now confronted with the problem of knocking down or executing the threat, the justice of which has no meaning for the German mind. The tension between a long-suffering neutral nation and the tyrants is at last specific and clear-cut. Spanish honor is extremely sensitive. It will be made a mockery if it succumbs in this instance to the characteristic lies of the German Foreign Office.

It is easily conceivable that the very young princess when Prince Rupprecht is to take as his bride is, like most of her compatriots since the war, a victim of Luxembourg.

WHEN a United States coast guard killed a man who was beach acting suspiciously on the Ocean City beach he did no more than his plain duty under the circumstances, and it will be regrettable if he should be subjected to any of the annoyances of a civil investigation, provided all the facts are as stated. The coast guard was an officer of the government engaged in duty directly associated with the work of war. The victim of his pistol refused to surrender or to be questioned when he was caught having strangely on forbidden ground. He attacked the man who questioned him in the name of the Government. The guard would have been justified in shooting him even before the moral is that in these times all should so behave as to be above those who aren't above suspicion.

THE VIEWS OF A PATRIOT CARDINAL GIBBONS, who is a man of clear vision, able to see through all the sophistications of chop logic, has written of the labor situation in the following words: Just as it is the duty of those who are called to fight to fight bravely and to allow their patriotism to be the inspiring principle of their courage, so it is necessary that those who work should work in the same strenuous and patriotic manner. Those workmen who accept the Cardinal as their guide will make just as serious thought to this pregnant sentence when they are tempted to lay down their tools.

The American war bill yesterday was our biggest record. But as Uncle Sam is now getting something for his money it ought to be positively a pleasure to pay up.

DON CAMERON AND THE BOSS SYSTEM JAMES DONALD CAMERON, who died yesterday at the age of eighty-five years, inherited the Republican leadership in Pennsylvania from his father, Simon Cameron. Both father and son served as United States Senator and each was Secretary of War, the elder in the Cabinet of Lincoln at the beginning of his term and the younger in the Cabinet of Grant at the end of his term.

Simon Cameron was a "boss" before that term was applied opprobriously to political leaders. He handed his power over to his son when he got weary with using it, and Matthew Stanley Quay, who was brought up in the Cameron school, succeeded the son when he was ready to retire. And when Quay died learned his trade in the political shop of Quay, where the Cameron traditions controlled, succeeded to all the honors and emoluments of the political dynasty.

There are few States in which there has been such a succession of leaders believing in the same political methods and maintaining their supremacy for so many years. But this distinction is not one of which thoughtful Pennsylvanians are proud. Even in the days of Simon Cameron's greatest power there were men who denounced his ideals and his methods. Nowadays we do not find many persons who defend the system. When they speak of it at all they apologize for it as perhaps a necessary evil. Some day they may leave off all mitigating adjectives and admit that it is an evil.

Strange as it may seem, liquidating John Barleycorn is essentially a dry business.

CAMPOR BALLS

Meditations on Oysters

WE WALKED down a little street that runs a modest course through the middle of the afternoon, scooped between high and rather grimy walls so that a coolness and a shadow are upon it. It is a homely little channel, frequented by laundry wagons taking away great piles of soiled linen from the rear of a large hotel, and little barefoot urchins pushing carts full of splintered packing cases. On one side of the street is a big power-house where the drone and murmur of vast dynamos croon a soft undertone to the distant clang and zooming of the trolleys. Beyond that is the stage door of a burlesque theatre, and a faint sweetness of grease paint drifts to the nose down a dark, mysterious passageway.

WE WALKED down this little street, noticing the For Rent sign on a saloon at the corner and the pyramided boxes of green and yellow apples on a fruit stand, and it seemed to us that there was an unmistakable breath of autumn in the air. Out beyond, where the street widens and floods itself again with sun, there was heat and shimmer and the glittering plate-glass windows of jewelry dealers, but in the narrower strip of alley we felt a premonitory tang of future frost. At the end of August—the sunlight gets yellower, more oblique; it loses the pale and deadly glare of earlier days. It is shallower, more colorful, but weaker of impact. Shall we say it has lost its punch?

AND then we saw a little oyster cafe, well known to many lovers of good cheer, that has been refurbishing itself for the jolly days to come. No one knows yet whether the U-boats have frightened the oysters, whether the fat bivalves will be leaner and scarcer than in the good old days; no one knows whether there will even be enough of them to last out until next Easter; but in the meantime we all live in hope. And one thing is certain—the oyster season begins on Monday. The little cafe has repainted its white front so that it shines hospitably; and the sill and the cellar trapdoor where the barrels go in, and the shutters and the awning poles in front, are all a sleeky, glistening green. The white marble step, hollowed by thousands of eager feet in a million lunch-time forays, has been scrubbed and sanded. And next Monday morning, bright and early, out goes the traditional red and green sign of the R.

THE "poor patient oyster," as Keats calls him (or her, for there are lady oysters, too, did you know?) is not only a sessile bivalve mollusk, but a traditional symbol of autumn and winter cheer. Even if Mr. Hoover counts out the little round crackers in twos and threes, we hope there will be enough of the thoughtful and innocent shellfish to go around. When the cold winds begin to harp and whiney at street corners and wives go seeking among camphor balls for our last year's overcoat, you will be glad to resume your acquaintance with a bowl of steaming bivalves, swimming in milk with little clots of yellow butter twirling on the surface of the broth. An oyster stew, a glass of light beer and a cornucopium will keep your blue eyes blue to any weather, as a young poet of our acquaintance puts it.

Some one writes to us from Browns Mills in the Pines to ask the address of that magazine, "Love, Courtship and Marriage," which is Farmington, Mich. Pining away, evidently. Our correspondent adds that the magazine "must be something entirely new." No, dear friend, not new, but like all such enterprises the oldest thing in the world.

In these days when so many ladies have abandoned the charming frailties of their sex, we are proud to state that this newspaper boasts in its women's department two delightful young lady editors who are afraid of mice and thunderstorms. Perhaps they are the only two left in Philadelphia? In any case, that disposes of the old tradition that the women's pages of newspapers are edited by elderly bearded men stained with nicotine. Have you ever noticed the little glass cylinders of paper drinking cups that are often found in hotels and railway stations? They have a slot for the insertion of a coin, and by this slot is the following inscription: Insert penny or nickel. These naive machines are made by the Individual Drinking Cup Company, of New York, and we think that only a New Yorker would be so profligate as to put in a nickel when a penny would do. Certainly no Philadelphian would fall for that.

Have you ever met a man who could define or describe the colors known to our wives as beige and taupe? We believe that beige is the color of Senator J. Ham Lewis's whiskers, but we are not sure. That German retreat specialist seems to be in his element.

It is a consoling thought, as we sit and grieve over our typewriter keys, that at the same instant some poor German humorist on a Berlin paper is trying to spade out a merry quip about the Hindenburg line. German morale must be kept up at any expense—even at the expense of the truth. Speaking of humorists, Captain Franklin P. Adams, the well-known wit, is now doing confidential work in Department G-2-B at Pershing's headquarters in France. G-2-B, we presume, stands for Giving it to the Boches. The American Press Humorists at their recent convention sent a message of friendliness to F. P. A., to which he replies: "It's a grand game to be in, and it is worth the privation of bathing in a split of Marine water to know, at first hand, that nothing in the world can keep us from walloping the bocher; or, as we uncouth warriors, in our slangy way, call him, the enemy. If Harry Lauder really wants to sit in Parliament, as a news item says, he certainly will be elected. We can't imagine any constituency that could resist him. SOCRATES.

The Senate, passing the prohibition rider without a vote in the order that the members might not be embarrassed at the next elections, didn't present a spectacle likely to be inspiring in days when all men are asked to be brave. What we should like to know is the number of Senators who went immediately after the vote to Baltimore, which has been the fount of cheer for all Washington since Pennsylvania avenue became as the Sahara.

Now that General Rum is actually defeated it must be said that he can boast an appalling number of casualties on the other side.

Now we know that Hindenburg is really dead. An official dispatch from Germany says he is calm.

"Parisians seek reasons for German retreat," declares a headline. But they probably won't worry about them quite so much as the actual participants in that retrograde movement.

The daring British who made the highly destructive house-top raid on Mannheim seem to have turned the gospel of rooflessness to good account.

Those Main Line physicians who are planning to increase their fees to \$5 a visit doubtless think that they will make just as much money with about one-half the work.

The French were at the Gates of Ham last night and they are likely to carve the Germans out of it before tonight.

Bad Nauheim very neatly describes the place where Wilhelm and Ferdinand have been meeting for their latest sympathy-feast.

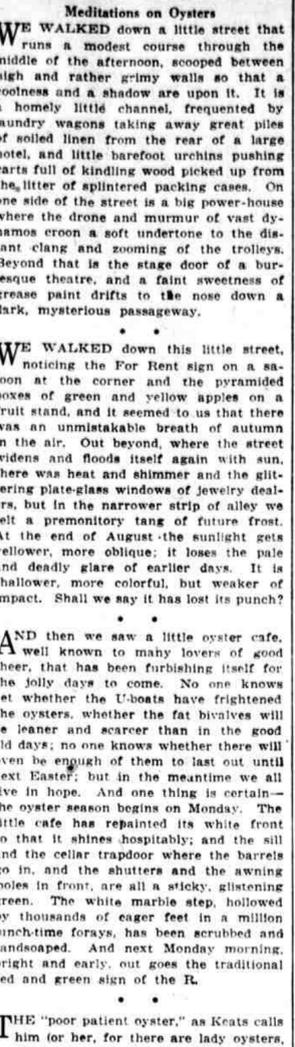
Some strikes nowadays are perfectly good ones. We allude to the Foch-Haig variety.

The Hun may still believe he's all to the mustard, but without Ham, which he now stands to lose, the notion lacks charm.

It is axiomatic that oysters will go down much more easily this fall if they don't go up.

Germany's "will to win" seems to have been like most other wills—a forecast of death.

OUR SUPER-GUN SPEAKS



THE REAL GASOLINE MARTYRS

They Are the Relatives and Casual Acquaintances of Motorcar Owners Who Will Be Deprived of Their Free Sunday Ride

By SIMON STRUNSKY

A LEAGUE of Relatives, Friends and Casual Acquaintances of Automobile Owners East of the Mississippi is in process of organization for the purpose of protesting against the fuel administration's restriction on the use of gasoline on Sundays. On the basis of 4,000,000 motorcars in the eastern United States the membership of the new league may be estimated at anywhere from 25,000,000 to 50,000,000 souls. In return the fuel administrator can count on the support of about 4,000,000 people east of the Mississippi; that is to say, the automobile owners.

In behalf of the League of Relatives, Friends and Casual Acquaintances, etc., the following brief has been presented: First, This being a war time democracy, the interests of the majority should prevail. For every automobile owner who will save about \$1.96 worth of gas on Sunday, five relatives, friends and casual acquaintances will be deprived of a much-needed holiday in the great open.

Second, It follows from the preceding that every Sunday the automobile relieves the strain on the railroads to the extent of five comparative strangers.

Third, It follows from the preceding that the railway fare saved by the comparative strangers may be invested in war-savings stamps.

Fourth, Another gain for the W. S. S. comes from food economy practices, by means of the comparative strangers, since the automobile owner usually pays for dinner at the roadside.

Fifth, To win the war we must have perfect unity at home. Disagreeable neighbors have developed the most lovable qualities with the arrival of one's machine from the factory. Families have been reunited by the purchase of a machine; one member of the family attending to the purchase and the others—brothers-in-law, cousins, nephews by marriage, etc.—attending to the resulting.

Technical skill will help to win the war. Every automobile owner becomes a center of instruction in gas-engine principles; the least well-informed of us display an intelligent interest in the way the one-man top is operated by pressing the adjustable dingus on the carburetor. Motor guests never weary of inquiring into the slightest details of automobile construction except when taking in gas; at such times they become absorbed in the scenery until due payment has been signed by the All-East-Mississippi Congress of Soviets of Cousins, Uncles, Brothers-in-law, Neighbors, Club Members, Fellow Commuters and Associated Golfers and Bowlers of Private Automobile Owners of the United States of America.

EXTRACT from Die Weser Zeitung: "The straits to which the American people have been reduced may be gathered from the following, a receipt by their food dictator: 'Petrol may not be used in any sort of food preparations, except at Sunday dinner; but even then it may not be used in sauces or salad dressings or on plum pudding or as a surrogate for alcoholic drinks.'"

THE large and growing class of citizens who have taken to imitating the White House epistolary style are herewith reminded that by going back to "May 1" for Giving it to the Boches, the American Press Humorists at their recent convention sent a message of friendliness to F. P. A., to which he replies: "I shall not kill!" is among the original Ten Commandments. Last Sunday a visiting clergyman in New York offered a substitute Decalogue of his own, specifying within the limits of a single commandment no less than three classes of Germans who must be court-martialed and shot as soon as practicable. The other nine commandments maintain a high level of indictiveness on the part of this visiting Jehovah. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the original Tables of the Law would occupy only one-fifth the space devoted by the New York Times of Monday to the new revelation. Last Sunday's commandments were not

THE GARDEN

THERE were many flowers in my mother's garden. Sword-leaved gladioli, taller far than I, sticky-leaved petunias, pink and purple-flaring, velvet-painted panels staring at the sky;

Scentless portulacas crowded down the borders, white and scarlet-petaled, satin-rose and gold. Clustered sweet alyssum, lacy white and scented, sprays of gray-green lavender to keep till you were old;

In my mother's garden were green-leaved hiding places, nooks between the lilacs—oh! a pleasant place to play; still my heart can hide there, still my eyes can dream it. Though the long years lie between and I am far away;

When the world is hard now, when the city's clanging tires my ears and tires my heart and dust lies everywhere, I can dream the peace still of the soft wind's shining. I can be a child still and hide my heart from care.

Lord, if still that garden blossoms in the sunlight, grant that children laugh there now among its green and gold, grant that little hearts still hide its memory-orient sweetness, locking one bright dream away for light when they are old! —Margaret Wideman, in "The Old Road to Paradise."

A Quarter-Crown Prince A facetious London journalist has nicknamed the Kaiser's unfortunate offspring the Half-Crown Prince. If he had ever traveled on this side of the Atlantic he would have known that the name is unsuitable. A half-crown is worth twice as much as thirty cents. —Montreal Star.

What Do You Know? QUIZ

- 1. Who is president of the American Federation of Labor? 2. What is a rheat? 3. What is the meaning of the word ululate? 4. Where is the Alhambra? 5. Who said, "There was never yet philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently"? 6. What is the capital of Kentucky? 7. What name invented the game of parchesi? 8. What is the native State of William O. Wood? 9. Who painted the "Staircase Madonna" and where is that celebrated picture located? 10. Is New York officially rated as a State or a Commonwealth?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. President Wilson is commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States. 2. Fallmeast is writing material on which earlier writing has been erased to make room for new or on which new script covers an old one. 3. Steins is ruled by a Bourbon royal house which first came into power in that country in 1700. 4. Haggis is a dish popular in Scotland, and consists of heart, lungs and liver of sheep boiled in maw with onion, oatmeal, etc. 5. St. Thomas is the chief town and principal port of the Virgin Islands. 6. Where is the capital of Kentucky? The Great Bear and Charles's Walk. 7. Edwin Forrest, one of the most celebrated of American tragedians, was born in Philadelphia. 8. A stein is a deep dish, usually shaded with green. 9. The cerebus, a musical wind instrument, is generally called the "sweet potato." 10. According with an elevation of more than 12,000 feet, is the highest mountain in the American continent. It is in the State of Colorado. (From 1914.)

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published amid sheets of flame and the noise of a mountain in travail, but it must have been a fair imitation when the assembled Presbyterians were stirred to frequent and enthusiastic application.

A competent observer has suggested that the frequency with which Germany and her Kaiser are being consigned to hell by our clergymen is largely due to the fact that only in times like these can a clergyman tell people to go to hell with propriety. There is also the pathetic desire to show that a minister of the Gospel can see red with the worst of us.

IT HAS not yet been determined whether the military critics know more about the strategy of the Hindenburg line than General Foch does. What is certain is that the field marshals and commander-in-chief write ever so much better than the war correspondents; and perhaps we might throw in editorial writers. Take Pershing's general order to the Americans who fought on the Marne: "In conjunction with our allies, you counter-attacked. The Allies gained a brilliant victory that marks the turning point of the war. You did more than to give to the Allies the support to which, as a nation, our faith was pledged. You proved that our altruism, our pacific spirit, and our sense of justice have not blunted our virility or our courage."

Of course, it is just possible that some former newspaperman now on Pershing's staff is the author; but just possible. Somebody in the scribbling line must be the real author of "Lafayette, nous voila!" one of the poor spotlight phrases of the war which our pacifist spirit, and our sense of justice have not blunted our virility or our courage."

INCIDENTALLY, what does Pershing mean by referring to "our allies" when he knows that they are not our allies? We are only lending them food and money and borrowing from them aeroplanes and guns; we are only fighting by their side, our allies are only going to make peace together; but they are not our allies. Pershing should have said, "In conjunction with the nations of the Entente, whose commander-in-chief is our commander-in-chief," and sternly repressed any attempt to wink on the part of his adjutant-tenographer.